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THE CAUSE AND THE FEILD OF CLANTARFF.

FROM THE CLARENDON MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Their was a marchant in Dublin called the white marchant, and had a faire wife; and he, meaning to travaile into other realmes for marchandise, came to Brene Borowe, then cheife principall king of Ireland, and desired the king to take the chardg of his wife in his absence, for her beautie was such that he feared all men; which promised to doe in his absence, and so the marchant departide; and while the marchant in his marchandise, Morghe M'Brene Borowe, the king's sonne, mad suite to her, and wone her love, and lived with her as her husband. And by chaunce and fortune the marchant arived his long vyadge in other realmes, with vii great shippes, uppon the soddeine at Pollbeg, at Dublin, in a great fogg and myste in the morning earlie, so came to his house, and found the dorres shut, and did open the same secretly with a privy key, and found Morhow M'Brene lying by the side of his wife, and did nothing; after a while pauside, and sawe them in armes; said nothing, but tooke the sword of Morhowe and put it in his scabard, and put his owne sword in Morhowe is scabard, and so departed. And after the white marchant went to Brene Borowe, the king, to complaine, and declared to him the trust he put him in, and how he was deceived by his sonne, and demaunded judgment; who willed the white marchant to give what sentence or judgment he would, saying he was his sonne. The whitmarchant said this was his judgment, and none other, that he would be in the feild of Clantarffe by that daie twelmonth, to fight their afield with Morgho and all his that would take his part, and their trusted to be revenged on that wrong; and so departid, and went to seke his frend to Denmarke, from whence his generation came, and by the daie appointed brought a great number of stall worthe souldiors out of Denmarke, and landed at Clantarffe, and their proclaimed a feild, and after fought a tirriblebataille; for all the fore none the Irish wan, and drave the strangers to seeke aide to their shippes, and founde them borned to colls, when they sawe that they retorned againe to the bataille, and so wan the feild by very force of fight, and killed both Brene, and left his sonne Nicholas for dead by north the stinking streame, lyeing upon his shield. To whome came a preist, called Segert ne Fenemy, and asked for his sonne, which told him that he fled in the begining of the feild. After the preist found his sonne, he came to Morhe, and said he would kill him for that he saide, whearas he hid him, and fearing that he would tell that he fled; well, said Morhoe, before you kill me, take a token from me to my brother Donoghe, that is coming to the feild, that he maie staie from coming hither; which promised to doe, and so tooke the but of the speare in Morehowes hand, that was with the preist is sonne, and wrate certaine words therein, and desired him to deliver the same to his brother, which did accordinglie. And after that his brother redde that that was written in the speare end, he understoode the whole matter; and after the preist is sonne was taken and examined, he did confesse the treason done to Morghoe M'Brene, and how the feild was lost, and howe he fled; and so he was taken, and brought to a hill xii miles from Dublin, called the Weyns Gatts, and their put him in the erth standing, and all the host that there was, brought as manie stones as they were able to beare, and put it about him, and their doth it rest to this daie, a gret hepe of stones: there was the end of the feild of Clantarffe, wherein was a souldior of Morghoe, called Dowlinge of Hertakane, which that daie fought best after M'Morghoe, he was the fierst that (told) in Ireland, the cause that the feild was lost; first, the haste that Brene the kinge made to the feild, and did not tarrie till his frends came to his aide, as his sonnes and others, which came three daies after the feild with viii^m men—this great hast and worse speede maie be an example to all men; another cause was, the feild was lost after the Normans landed v daies, the Danys and Normans made hast to come to Dublin to winne the towne, and fering that, Brene made as much hast and provision to prevent that as he mought, and came with the force he had against them, and placed his men in this order—the horsemen was put on the right hand of his ward, as neare the sea

as might be, thinking that their enemyes should not go to their shippes backward; the hardest and best men was putt in the back in the vandgarde, and foremost afore their horsemen a good distance, that they should breake the force of the enemyes, which was all afoote, and had no horsemen; the lefte weying was kerne, and men with slinges, speres, stones, staves, and shields, all naked men, for that side was a great wood by north the stinking streame, the which the king fearing the Normans would take that waie to Dublin. The Normans and Danys that seing, devided them in this order, and staide at Clantarffe till their men was parted in three partes. The first bataille they placed their best men on their left weing, as neare the sea as they mought against the king is horsemen, which they doubted most, and fearing that the horsemen would compace them about, theis horsemen was the force of the King's armie, this (woward) went foremost, and foght with the maine battaile of the kinges, and by reason of the slyme and dept ground towards the sea, the horsemen did nothing, being their placed before, as their ill-fortune was; the second battaile of the Normans was all spearemen afoote, meaning thereby if the king's horsemen should get away behind them unawarde, that theire should be a wall or surance to their back. The third battaile was their crossobowes and slings, which met so the kearne that they could do litle aide to the king, and also the king horsemen stood him in no stid by reason thereof. The king lost the feild, and his liffe, and xi^m men, and his sonne.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Calmly thy head is laid,
Babe of my breast;
Lowly thy couch is made,
Where thou must rest:
Fled is the bloom divine,
Where health was used to shine,
Pale are those lips of thine,
Death has imprest.
Thou didst too soon depart,
Far, far from me;
Twined round thy mother's heart,
Why didst thou flee?
Oh! could I fly away,
And with thy sleeping clay
This aching bosom lay,
Sweet it would be!
But where's thy spirit fled?
Oh, 'tis on high,
My lov'd one is not dead,
Gone to the sky!
Clothed in robes of light,
Beaming in azure bright,
Past is thy glorious flight—
Can I ask why?
Soon was thy contest won,
Trials are o'er;
Thou, my beloved one,
Sufferest no more.
Thine eyes of sweetest blue,
There shine in brightest hue,
Ne'er wet by sorrow's dew,
On that blest shore.
Heaven did but ask a share
From gifts divine;
Thou wast its chosen care,
Sweetest of mine!
My spotless dove did rise,
Fittest for sacrifice,
And I, with streaming eyes,
Bow and resign.

IGNOTA.

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